



Uttoxeter Girls' High School Chronicle.

No. 19.

"Non uni sed omnibus."

JUNE, 1940.

EDITORIAL.

THIS has been a most eventful year, and one not likely to be forgotten in the history of the School.

The most important happening has been the resignation of Mrs. Drinkwater at the end of the Christmas Term. Since Mrs. Drinkwater came in 1931 there have been many changes in the School, notably the completion of the new School buildings. In addition, the war brought the problem of evacuation. Despite these disturbances, however, the School has enjoyed a period of steady progress under Mrs. Drinkwater's able guidance, for she appeared to have a genius for surmounting difficulties, whatever their size. At the end of the year Mrs. Drinkwater received a silver teapot from us as an appreciation of her work here. The copies of the English Hymnal presented by Mrs. Drinkwater to the School are now used by us every day, and remind us of the kind donor.

On the same occasion Sir Percival Heywood distributed prizes. Owing to war-time exigencies, this year the prizes were given through the generosity of the staff, as no grant was available from the County authorities. No parents were present at the distribution, again owing to war-time conditions, but as rationing had not then come into operation, the whole School and a few old girls attended a farewell party given for Mrs. Drinkwater. After the party a Nativity Play was performed by the Juniors, and members of Form III. singing "The Wassail Song," collected knitted blankets and clothes made for the Polish Refugees during the Term.

Miss E. M. Ross, B.A. (London), who for the past four years has been Senior English Mistress at Wolverhampton High School, is our fourth Headmistress. The School welcomes her and hopes that she will be very happy here.

Miss Brown, B.A. (Belfast), joined the staff as House Mistress and Preparatory Mistress last September, in place of Miss Lytton. We congratulate Miss Jackson on her marriage to Mr. W. Noble this Easter. The games standard of the School improved considerably during her four years of

careful coaching, and as she is not living far away, we hope to see her often at School functions. We girls gave Miss Jackson a water jug and six tumblers of Tutbury cut glass as a wedding present. Books containing many fascinating pictures taken in many parts of the world have been presented by Miss Jackson to the School Library, and we thank her for them very much. Miss J. M. Ross, B.Sc. (Aberystwyth), has taken her place.

Apart from Mrs. Drinkwater's resignation, another memory of the Christmas Term will be long in dying, namely evacuation. On September 1st there was an influx of evacuees into Uttoxeter, and when School reassembled a fortnight later the buildings were already totally occupied by girls from Withington School, Manchester. The Withingtonians had been met on arrival at Uttoxeter Station by our staff and prefects, who were wearing group colours corresponding to theirs. Our new friends were brought to School, whence, refreshed by biscuits and lemonade, and complete with rations, they were taken to their billets. Arriving at 6 p.m., they were all settled in new homes by 8 p.m. thanks to the good work done beforehand by Mrs. Drinkwater and Miss Bain, Headmistress of Withington School.

During the whole of the Christmas Term all except the Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms enjoyed a half-holiday every day. Our School had lessons from 9 o'clock until 1 o'clock, while the Withington girls had lessons in the afternoons, and played games in the mornings.

However, a paradise of morning School only was not to be the lot of the juniors for ever, because at Christmas we said good-bye to most of our guests. Only about twenty returned after the holidays, and even they have now returned to Manchester.

The School Birthday celebrations took place as usual on June 29th. According to time-honoured custom, everyone wore a rose and attended the tea party, after which there were games and a treasure hunt.

By the kind permission of Mrs. Drinkwater and Mr. Atkinson, the prefects of the High School and Grammar School held their annual Tennis Party on July 19th. As the weather had been rather bad, preparations had been made to play table tennis, but happily the courts were fit. Despite the fact that the boys washed up, the china survived the ordeal!

We again entertained sixty mothers from the Birmingham Settlement. Games and competitions were arranged to

amuse the visitors, and members of the Dramatic Class performed two short plays. Our guests were also entertained by our newly founded Singing Circle, or Glee Club as certain members prefer it to be called.

This Singing Circle is one branch of a Pioneer Club which was organised in the School last summer. Pioneers choose their own activities, and so far singing, hiking and cycling have proved the most popular. This Term, First Aid Classes are being arranged through the Club.

For the past few years the School has always sent a cheque to St. Dunstan's, the money usually being raised by carol singing. As this year the black-out rendered impossible the usual carol singing expeditions, the money for St. Dunstan's was obtained by the performance of three plays: "The Grand Cham's Diamond," "Between the Soup and the Savoury," and "His Majesty Masquerades," by Miss Belford's Dramatic Class.

The climax of the Spring Term was the joint production by Alleyne's Grammar School and the High School, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." All concerned are to be congratulated on their untiring efforts to make the opera a success. The three performances were well attended, the profits amounting to £11 4s. 2½d.

The following girls have left since last July:—

Form III.: J. Marsden, R. Need, M. Burnett, M. Fowell;

Form L.IV.: D. Appleby, J. Bednall, C. Manhire, P. Dumelow;

Form U.IV.: M. Pattinson;

Form L.V.b: B. Dainton, S. Roberts, D. Prince, C. Poyser, J. Leggett;

Form L.V.a: M. Price, P. Moss;

Form V.U.: M. Roberts, K. Bailey, M. Collis, C. Hine, A. Hughes, J. Martin, V. Mottram, K. Robinson, K. Scott, M. Shenton, M. Wilson, A. Walker, P. Tipper, M. Bevan;

Form VI.b: C. Brisbourne, J. Wright, J. Crosby, N. Cross, W. Blore, D. Bagnall;

Form VI.a: N. Bentley, M. Fryer.

Those who have been admitted are:—

Form III.: M. Burnett, O. Chamberlain, S. Hamilton, I. Harrison, I. Lyons, F. Taylor, J. Wilne, I. Backhouse, J. Cross, J. Farmer, S. Forster, M. Fowell, C. Hodgskiss, H. Hough, A. Matthews, M. Matthews, V. Mosley, D. Ollerenshaw, D. Pountain, S. Smith, M. Wheeler;

Form L.IV.: L. Etherington, K. Royle;

Form U.IV.: I. Ruben.

Preparatory Department: M. Matthews, M. Watson,

M. Blakey, J. Barrett, M. Crichton, D. Crichton,
R. DeVille, A. Webb, P. Bowman, M. Orme.

Several evacuees, other than the Withington girls, came to our School when war was declared. Some are still with us, but most have returned home.

Those who are still at the High School are :—B. Street and M. Bance ; while I. Hollingsworth, I. Montgomerie, K. Shaw, H. Laniado, A. Pountain and W. Harrison returned to their own Schools after the Christmas holidays.

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Air-Raid Shelters built underground near the games field have been completed now. They are well built, and we are becoming practised in hurrying to them when the warning bell for drill sounds.

Sixty-one girls have volunteered to form gardening groups under various members of the staff. The results of their labours are already to be seen in the new "allotments" alongside the School building and near the playing field. Work is done during the dinner hour and after School. Lettuce, radishes, mustard and cress are already fairly advanced in growth. Onions, peas, and cabbages have also been planted. It is very interesting War Work to be doing, we find, and Miss Betts says she is willing to buy all our produce as soon as it is ready ! School dinners will become very interesting to us when we have grown the vegetables and salads.

M. A. HILL.

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The School was delighted to receive the news of Marjorie Hill's County Major Scholarship. This is the first scholarship of its kind to be awarded to a girl of Uttoxeter Girls' High School, so we are very proud of Marjorie's achievement.

The Chairman of the Governors, Sir Percival Heywood, came to School to congratulate Marjorie the morning after her success was announced. He expressed the feelings we were all experiencing when he said that, in these difficult times, when sorrows and trials are so much with us, we also have some joys and achievements to rejoice over. He regarded the occasion as one for joy, and reminded us that the event was an omen of good augury for the future of the School, for the success—so long hoped for, and never before achieved by one of our pupils—came on the eve of the 21st anniversary of the opening of the School. He presented Marjorie with a 10/- note, and we were glad to applaud the success, and to have Sir Percival express our sentiments so pleasantly.

SCHOOL PREFECTS. 1939—40.

M. Hill, A. Surtees, I. MacBean, J. Walker, G. Mellor, M. Thurman, L. Prince, M. Griffin, V. Sutton, E. Cooper, Y. Jones, M. MacBean, M. Tunncliffe.

N. Cross and W. Blore were Prefects until they left at Easter.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Higher School Certificate, Joint Matriculation Board:—

K. N. Bentley, M. A. Hill.

School Certificate, Joint Matriculation Board:—

K. M. Bailey, M. W. Blore, J. E. Crosby, N. H. Cross, R. A. Hughes, Y. G. Jones, E. M. MacBean, P. Mills, L. V. Mottram, K. Robinson, M. Shenton, V. J. Sutton, L. M. Wilson.

MRS. DRINKWATER.

Last December Mrs. Drinkwater left our School after being its Headmistress for nine years and two terms. This departure was bound to affect both girls and staff profoundly, as none of the girls, and few of the staff, had known any other Headmistress here.

During these nine years Mrs. Drinkwater devoted herself to improving the standard of work and training the girls to become self-reliant, efficient and public spirited citizens. She found that the best way of educating them was by adopting a modified form of the Dalton plan, which gives scope to individuals and enables those girls who are not quite so quick as others to have their difficulties explained. She herself went to endless trouble by her vivid teaching, helping girls with subjects so widely differing as Mathematics and French. She also provided facilities for speech-training, eurhythmics, operatic work, and herself started a dramatic class in the School. Another new feature was the annual Nativity Play which she produced so beautifully and with such simplicity that the reality of the story was brought home to all who saw it. Although Miss Woodhead had planned the School Council, Mrs. Drinkwater developed the idea so that the girls felt they had a real share in making School rules, schemes for their comfort and improvement, and for the care of the building.

As in term-time, so during the holidays, Mrs. Drinkwater tried to get the girls to make the best use of their time. She took a party to Belgium one year, and arranged for them to

go several times to France, to attend the League of Nations Summer School at Geneva, and the L.N.U. Pioneer Camps; she provided holiday work for others in the camps arranged by the Birmingham Settlement.

In humanitarian work Mrs. Drinkwater has always taken the keenest interest, and has encouraged the girls to do so. Under her guidance they have taken a greater part in entertaining each year sixty Birmingham mothers (only thirty used to come before Mrs. Drinkwater's time), and when the Settlement moved into new buildings the girls sent several articles of furniture. But there are numerous other such causes which Mrs. Drinkwater has energetically helped.

We have also come more closely into contact with the Grammar School during Mrs. Drinkwater's headship. Now we are amalgamated for certain lessons, for dramatic work and League of Nations meetings.

The careers of our girls have been a matter of the greatest concern to Mrs. Drinkwater. She has advised them, raised a fund to help those who need money for training, and after they have left, has visited them at their colleges and training centres. At Old Girls' meetings she has been a perfect hostess, making the Old Girls feel welcome to visit the School at any time.

During her time here Mrs. Drinkwater had many trials to face. First, there was a most inadequate old building. Then, she worked indefatigably over the details of the new building, so that every part of it should be both useful and beautiful; but just as this was nearing completion an extensive fire occurred in the old building. Mrs. Drinkwater, with perfect equanimity, and with sweeping brush and duster, set to work to create order out of chaos. Soon after we were settled in our new building the war came, and plans had to be made to receive the Withington evacuees. This difficulty, too, was surmounted.

In conclusion, I should like to say that it is with a real sense of loss that we say good-bye to Mrs. Drinkwater. The School owes more to her selfless devotion and wise direction than it can possibly realise. Under her, the School seemed one family, and if she ever had to reprove us, she did it in a most kind, tactful way. In public she was a witty and eloquent speaker, and we all felt proud that we had such a Headmistress. We hope that the rest of her life will be as happy as she made ours here.

M. THOMAS.

EVACUATION.

Two days before war was declared, the Government's Evacuation Scheme came into operation, and there was an

influx of Manchester children into Uttoxeter. Our own particular protégées were Withington Girls' School, and they were conducted to their billets by our girls and staff, and more or less satisfactorily arranged. All this took place a fortnight before School re-opened for the Autumn Term, and when we all returned, at the beginning of the Term, we found that they had settled down in our buildings, and, moreover, seemed very much in possession. Previously they had had the School to themselves, and had been having normal lessons, but now that we had returned, some plan had to be devised for sharing the available time to the best advantage. So we had lessons from 8.45 a.m. until 12.45 p.m., and Withington had their classes from 1 p.m. until 5 p.m. The evacuated school had lunch in the dining-room at twelve o'clock, but came out at about 12.45 p.m., and returned to the cloakroom or the hockey field. The cloakroom was divided into two, by some intricate rope-work of Miss Betts, and beyond the rope the members of the School were forbidden to penetrate. At dinner time, when there might be seen a crowd of girls round either of the two mirrors, many were the curious glances cast past the barrier, and many the whispered comments which were evoked by the sight of a different hair style!

However, girls of corresponding forms soon fraternised, especially as some of the evacuees were billeted with our girls. Moreover, an exchange of lessons was arranged, and two of the other Sixth Form came for History lessons with our Sixth, while almost all our Sixth Form had some lesson with their school. We went with them for French, Chemistry, Biology and German, and I also went to some English lessons. The exchange proved very profitable, although it meant hard work for us, since we were sometimes at School from nine o'clock until five, with only one hour for lunch.

We soon got to know one another quite well, and before long the initial letters of the school, W.G.S., were enriched by the addition of the letter I, thus turning them into "Wigs," and it was by this name that the girls were called. Incidentally, they retaliated towards the end of the Term, and began calling us "Uggites"—presumably from the letters U.G.H. Also, their Sixth Form artist, Betty Gray, drew an intriguing little animal, rather like a cat, whose official description was "Uggite — an inhabitant of Uttoxeter."

As we were only at School half the day, it was very difficult to arrange any games, but finally, Withington used the field in the mornings, and we had games twice a week—on Wednesday and Friday afternoons. The weather was

very bad, and often prevented there being any games at all; and consequently, neither school was able to have much team practice, although Withington fared rather better than we. However, we had one fixture—to play Withington. The match was played one Thursday afternoon, and proved most exciting. The teams were very evenly matched, and until half-time no one had scored any goals. After half-time the Wigs scored a goal, and although our team made desperate attempts to equalise, they were unable to break the defence. Then, almost at the end, they scored another goal; and when the final whistle went, the score was 2—0 in their favour. It was hard luck that our team should have lost after such a plucky fight, but they were justly satisfied with their performance, and had enjoyed the game immensely. After the game, the two teams had tea.

At length, there came the long-desired day on which Withington broke up, and went back to Manchester. They had been awaiting it eagerly for some time, as they all felt rather home-sick; and it was in the best of good spirits that they bade us good-bye. I, personally, was very sorry to see them go, as it meant the loss of several new friends, and also a rearrangement of lessons. However, it was impossible not to be glad for their sakes, as well as for our own. It was lovely to have the School all to ourselves again, because we had felt terribly out of place, in the afternoons, among crowds of Wigs, and it had felt almost as though the School did not belong to us. It is impossible to write an account of the evacuation without making some mention of the work done by the staffs of both schools, and particularly by Mrs. Drinkwater and Miss Bain. The whole scheme was an absolute miracle of organisation, and the amount of work put in must have been colossal. We did appreciate the considerate manner in which we were treated, and the way difficulties were smoothed over; and we should like to pay a tribute to those who did so much to make the running of the two schools so successful.

Last Term, about eighteen girls, whose parents wished them to return, came back to Uttoxeter, and were given the Third Form room as a form room. Unfortunately, right at the beginning of the Term, one of them was so unlucky as to catch German measles, and consequently the rest had to be in quarantine. They removed their belongings to the secretary's room, and did not come into contact with us at all until the period of quarantine was over. Each week a different member of the staff came, and they had extensive courses of each particular subject concentrated into one week's work! Other subjects were carried on by correspond-

ence at the same time, but in spite of the difficult circumstances they seemed to get through plenty of work. They continued until the end of the Term, and then, just before we broke up, returned to Manchester. We hope they have settled down in their own school, but should they ever need to be re-evacuated, we hope that they may come to us once more.

VALERIE SUTTON.

HOUSE NEWS.

The Houses have little to relate this year, as most of the School only attended in the mornings during the Autumn Term, 1939.

It was possible to play the matches for the House Hockey Cup in the Spring Term. Dunkley was delighted to be the winner, and defeated Balfour.

Budgen House could not hold its usual annual Whist Drive in aid of the Staffordshire Blind Association, but a collection among House members was made.

Powell House was very sorry to lose Miss Jackson, who had been its House Mistress since 1937. Her House wishes her happiness in her married life.

House Captains, 1939—40.

Balfour	-	-	-	G. Mellor.
Budgen	-	-	-	M. Hill.
Dunkley	-	-	-	A. Surtees.
Powell	-	-	-	M. Griffin.

GAMES REPORT.

During the Hockey season, 1939—40, no outside School matches were played owing to travelling difficulties. The only match played in the Autumn Term was against Withington High School, Manchester—the school which was billeted on us. This match resulted in a win for Withington by 2 goals to nil.

Hockey Team :—Goal-keeper: P. Capewell; Backs: M. Tunnicliffe, K. Jackson; Halves: E. Cooper, R. Ward, M. Baker; Forwards: M. Hill, E. Bain, W. Cotterill, A. Surtees, E. Ottewell.

The result of the House matches, played in the Spring Term, was a victory for Dunkley.

FICTION LIBRARY.

This year, more interesting books have been given to both the senior and junior sections of the Fiction Library.

These include: "The Four Feathers," "The Escaping Club," "Windy Ridge," and "Windy Ridge Revisited," by N. Bentley, and some school and adventure stories for the junior section.

There is a great interest taken in the Library, and many books are borrowed; but we should be glad if books were returned more promptly, as many of the more popular books have not been in the Library for some time.

Suggestions for new books should be given to any of the Librarians, and we shall be very grateful for gifts of books for either section of the Library from girls who are leaving.

Librarians: I. MACBEAN, M. MACBEAN, A. SURTEES.

SCHOOL BIRTHDAY PRESENTS—1939.

VI.	-	Clock.	
Upper V.	-	5/- given to Miss Lytton towards Vases for	
Lower V.a	-	Clock.	[the Dining-room.
Lower V.b	-	Vase.	
Upper IV.	-	Four Vases.	
Lower IV.	-	Clock.	
III.	-	Vase.	

SPORTS DAY.

The Annual Sports' Day was held in June. The senior championship was won by Mona Tunnicliffe, and the junior championship was shared by Margaret Henry and Mary Lees. Budgen gained the house championship with 76 points, while Balfour had 70, Dunkley 57, and Powell 46.

Miss Herbert presented the prizes, and then the parents inspected the School air-raid shelters which had been recently completed.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable day, and competition was keen from the Preparatory Department to the Upper School.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

"H.M.S. Pinafore," one of the ever-popular operettes of Gilbert and Sullivan, was performed by the Girls' High School and by boys of Alleyne's Grammar School. The producers were Miss Malvern and Miss Belford, and they had much to do to have the forty actors ready and in tune in time for the two performances on the nights of March 27th and 28th.

The leading parts were taken as follows:—P. Ohm (Rt.-Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.), S. Kelly (Captain Corcoran), P. Fallows (Ralph Rackstraw), N. Crisp (Dick Deadeye), E. Cross (Boatswain), G. Gerrard (Carpenter's Mate), K. Smith (Midshipmite), G. Shaw (Sergeant of Marines), Mary Hardy (Josephine), D. Vaughan (Hebe), I. MacBean (Little Buttercup, Mrs. Cripps). The rest were sailors, marines, and Sir Joseph's female relatives.

We shall long remember P. Ohm's fine piece of acting as Sir Joseph Porter. How delightfully patronising he was on occasion! And then, with what dignified abandon he expressed his gaiety of spirits! He threw himself into his part wholeheartedly, and we followed his fortunes with eagerness.

S. Kelly made an excellent Captain, and P. Fallows sang well. The difficult part of Dick Deadeye was finely sustained by N. Crisp: his palsied arm looked really fearful, and he managed to look as malevolent as the part required he should do.

Mary Hardy sang sweetly as Josephine: we all admired the rich tones of her voice. D. Vaughan was picturesque as Hebe, and acted well. I. MacBean, as Little Buttercup, made us feel that she would succeed in making Captain Corcoran (S. Kelly) contented with life in spite of his loss of rank!

The performances were warmly applauded on both evenings, and the players felt their pleasure was shared by the audience.

J. PAKEMAN.

1st UTTOXETER GIRL GUIDES.

Since September, 1939, the Girl Guides Organisation of Great Britain has taken a keen and active part in the War work throughout the country. Our Company has endeavoured to play its part in this great effort. There are now over half-a-million Guides in Great Britain alone, and together we hope to raise, this year, £20,000 to purchase two Air Ambulances for H.M. Forces and a Motor Lifeboat.

Our Company has undertaken to collect the wastepaper throughout the School. We are also collecting silver paper, which is sent to the fund organised by the Lord Mayor of London. The metal-foil is sold, and five per cent. of the proceeds is given to the Guides; the rest goes to the Red Cross and St. John Fund.

During the first months of the War we were filled with admiration for the wonderful work done by the heroic

Guides and Rangers of Poland. We were glad to hear of the safe arrival in England of Madame Malkowska, the chief of the Polish Guides. The English Guides have helped her to found a school in Dartmouth for the refugee children whom she has taken under her wing.

Twelve recruits have been enrolled in our Company during the year, and we were pleased to welcome Miss Ross to the Enrolment in the Spring Term.

Badge work has proceeded steadily. Several new Proficiency Badges, made possible by the War, have been added to the list. Several Guides have already obtained the Pathfinder's Badge, and many are now working for the Home Defence Badge.

In July, 1939, we celebrated the Twenty-first Birthday of Guiding in Utttoxeter. The other Companies in the district joined us on the School Field and a very enjoyable Sports evening was held. The refreshment, provided by the Rangers, and the Birthday cake, given by Miss Elkes, were greatly appreciated.

The 1st Utttoxeter Inter-Patrol Trophy is held this year by the Red Rose Patrol. R. M. BELLOCK.

THE PIONEER CLUB.

This School Club was formed in the Summer Term, 1939. The members, as other pioneers do, decide for themselves the tracks they will follow, and to what they will give their energy and attention. Then, in the true "club spirit," they set out in groups that are good company. When a "Pioneer" wants to adopt a new hobby or interest, she tells her friends, and they decide together whether to follow up her suggestion, or replace an old activity by a new one.

At our opening meeting, the suggestions were of great variety. Some wanted to study archæology, others to meet for stamp-collecting, others to form a naturalists' group. The subjects were very varied, so a committee was chosen to consider them all, and it was found possible to select three activities for the Summer Term: these were Rambling, Cycling and Singing. The Naturalists were invited to join the Cyclists. There are accounts below of how happily the groups carried on their activities during the summer.

Then came the War, and for one Term, whenever we were not using the School buildings, Withington School girls were there, so we could not arrange meetings for that Term. Then came January, and all the extraordinarily

severe weather, so that School attendance suffered, and again Pioneering could not be resumed.

But here is summer again, and with great joy we have made four programmes. All three of our old activities were voted by our members to be attractive enough to be resumed. The extra one is First Aid and Home Nursing. We have been fortunate enough to persuade a trained nurse to be kind enough to teach us, and Miss Coxon is giving a series of eight classes on First Aid this Term, after School on Wednesdays. Those who attend are very keen, and say it is most interesting.

E. BLUNDELL.

Cycling Club.

Visits to Bagot's Park and Alton Towers were arranged for Saturdays in June and July, but the latter had to be cancelled on account of rain. The expedition to Bagot's Park, led by Miss Charles and Miss Bettany, attracted mainly Uttoxeter and Marchington girls. They left Uttoxeter at 2 p.m. in sunny weather, climbed the hill to Highwood and rode through the lovely Marchington Woodlands and Forest Banks to the Park. After a picnic tea they walked through the Park to Bagot's Wood, admiring on the way the famous old oaks. The Beggar's Oak, whose branches spread about 48 ft. from the bole, claimed special attention, and several photographs were taken of it. As rain threatened, the plan to explore the wood was abandoned, and the party hurried home. Rain fell as they were nearing Marchington, but, coming after such an enjoyable outing, it did not damp their high spirits.

A. CHARLES.

The Pioneer Club Rambles.

In July, several of the members of The Pioneer Club, accompanied by Miss Thomas, went on a ramble from Ellastone over the Weaver hills to Stanton and Wootton and back to Ellastone.

We took a bus to Ellastone, taking our own refreshments with us, and walked from there across interesting and beautiful country. On our travels we came to a very pretty stretch of country where was a beautiful hedge of wild roses and a somewhat muddy stream winding its way between some boulders. This was surrounded by hillocks. No one left the rose hedge without a bloom in her button-hole. The fields we went through were surrounded by high crumbling walls over which we had to take flying leaps. At one point we had to go through a field in which were some horses. One in particular Miss Thomas regarded with suspicion. We had our lunch in a wood; the grass was long in this wood,

and as it had been raining the previous night our shoes and stockings soon became soaked. After lunch in the wood we set forth on our travels again. One of the girls had left her satchel containing the remains of her lunch in the wood, and had to go back for it. Later we met some lively young bullocks which, however, allowed us to pass unmolested and, indeed, unnoticed. In the next field we came across a skeleton of a calf which interested some of the girls. On our travels we also had to cross the Weaver hills, where we found some lovely wild pansies. After tramping several miles we were refreshed by lemonade at a pretty village by the roadside; we also bought some chocolate. We then made our way into Ellastone. While waiting for the bus home, we told each other stories and made jokes. When at last the bus arrived we boarded it tired, but in cheerful mood, after a most enjoyable day. J. MERCER (U.IV.).

To the Tumulus.

A party of about twelve girls went one afternoon in September on a short expedition to the Tumulus in the High Wood. It was very hot and the walk was uphill, so we were glad to sit under the trees at the top and admire the Tumulus for a short time before returning. It was fenced in by barbed wire, but some of us examined it thoroughly. Very little is known of it, and so we had to imagine for ourselves its history. M. T.

Singing Circle.

Part of the time at each meeting was devoted to a "Sing-song" of old and well-tried favourites, such as "The Vicar of Bray" and "The Ash Grove." The 'new' songs we learnt were Robert Louis Stevenson's "Garden of Verses," set to attractive and sympathetic music.

We had the pleasure of singing to those who came from the Birmingham Settlement for a day in the country, and they joined us in choruses they knew.

This summer we want to learn a number of 'modern' songs. We have begun with William Watson's poem, "April," which has been set to gay and sparkling music. We may tackle some songs in French, too. Our "Signature Tune" to sing each week as we open our meeting is to be "Begone, Dull Care"—a cheerful, brave tonic for these difficult times: its music helps to spirit cares away!

E. BLUNDELL.

THE VISIT by UPPER V. to the "ADVERTISER" OFFICE.

On February 29th the Upper Fifth were extremely fortunate in having the opportunity to visit the "Advertiser"

Office and be shown the various processes of producing a newspaper.

We arrived at the Office about ten past three, and after having deposited our satchels in a small room, we were taken up some wooden stairs to a large room in which one man was typing reports, and another working on a machine which was explained to us later.

First of all we were divided into two groups. The group I was in was taken to see the various kinds of type, while the others were examining the machine already mentioned. There were many different kinds of type, small and large letters, and a great deal of perseverance must have been needed in the setting up of the papers by hand.

The man who was explaining the type could read all the words that were set up, in spite of the fact that they were, of course, upside down. Some of the advertisements which had been set up had pictures in them; these, our guide explained, were not made at the office, but at a works which specialises in them. After we had thoroughly examined the types and advertisements, we were taken to the machine which we had seen when we first entered. A different person explained things to us here. The machine was one for setting up lines of type, a much quicker way than setting up by hand. Roughly, the person operating the machine struck the lettered keys on the key-board in front of him, and from a moving tube letters dropped down on to a band, forming the lines. From the floor we could not see exactly how the machine worked, so we stood in turn on a precarious perch—a chair—at the back of the machine, to gaze into the interior. Our guide explained that the machine was called a "linotype," because it set up a line at a time, while there was another kind of machine known as the "monotype," which only set up one letter at a time.

Then we were taken down the stairs again to another room where the paper was actually printed. There were several barrels of printers' ink against the wall, and these had been thoughtfully covered with sheets of paper so that we should not get any ink on our clothes.

The machine which printed the paper was similar to a large table with a trough for ink at one end. Across the middle of the machine was a contraption like a rack with rollers under it. When the blank sheets of paper were placed on the table, the racks descended, lifted them up, and they were transferred on to the rollers which in their turn transferred them to another rack, which dropped them on the other side of the table on to the type set up there. Then

a board descended, pressing down the paper on the type, and when it ascended again, the paper was printed. The man operating this machine said that about 3,000 papers were printed each week.

We were very sorry to find that it was by that time nearly four o'clock and time to go—some of us thereby being late for Opera practice, and it was with regret that we bade our guides "Good-afternoon."

J. TWIGG.

GIRLS' HOLIDAY CAMPS.

During the last few years we have attended many lectures at School, of which the lecture on Girls' Holiday Camps was by no means the least interesting.

The lecturer stated that these camps are for girls of all ages, and that prices vary according to the situation of the camps. The purpose of these camps is to give school-girls a holiday along with companions of their own age, also to give the girls who live in the large cities an opportunity of having a holiday in the country or at the sea, when they would not be able to afford boarding-house terms.

The camps are situated all over the country: some are in boarding-schools, some in huts, and some entirely under canvas. The schools and large buildings often have tennis or badminton courts attached, but, of course, the huts and the camps which are under canvas have no such conveniences, but rounders, cricket and other games can be played in the surrounding fields.

A very interesting point about these camps is that every evening small groups of girls, along with one or more camp officers, hold discussions. The subjects of these discussions vary: some are on sport, some on politics, some on religion, or on any other subjects the girls care to choose. These discussions sound very interesting, as the girls have the chance of stating their opinions, without having them ridiculed, as is often the case when they bring up any serious subject at home or at school.

Whether the camp is in a building or under canvas there is bound to be a certain amount of work to be done, and, of course, the camp officers cannot be expected to do all of this. All the girls have "camp duties." One group may do the cooking, another sweeping and dusting, another washing dishes and various other kinds of domestic work. This kind of work always seems dull when one has to do it at home by oneself, but it must be rather fun to do it along with a group

of other girls. Of course, the same girls do not do the same work all the time: duties are changed from time to time so nobody gets bored.

The lecturer told us that before the war there were International camps as well as British ones. Many English girls went to France and Switzerland, and foreigners came to the British camps. Unfortunately this has become impossible since the war, but we hope that afterwards they may be resumed, and may be a tie between the youth of the countries involved.

STELLA M. SPRUCE.

"TEACHING ABROAD."

Last Term, on March 8th, Miss Ross took Marjorie and me to Hanley, to hear a lecture on "Teaching Abroad." The Archdeacon of Stoke introduced the speaker, Miss Zoe Walford, and went on to say that he was very glad that we should have the opportunity of getting to know more about such an absorbing subject.

Then Miss Walford began her talk. She has been head-mistress of two girls' schools in India, one of which was at Delhi. However, she did not confine herself to India, but gave us some useful information about China and Africa also. The greatest need of these countries, she said, is of doctors and nurses. In China, hospital work is going on under great difficulties, because of the Japanese war, and one, the Moss Memorial Hospital, was actually commandeered by the Japanese, who, however, lost interest when they found that no resistance was offered. We also learnt of a very poor hospital in Singapore, where the doctors and nursing sisters are English, and the nurses local women. This hospital was most inadequate for the calls made upon it, and satisfactory work was almost impossible; but somehow or other, Viscount Nuffield came to hear of it, and built them a large new hospital, equipped with every modern necessity for successful treatment. Miss Walford then mentioned India, and spoke particularly of the hospital at Delhi, where there is great need of English nursing sisters. Here native nurses are trained, and the English sisters have great influence over them. Medical work is also done in surrounding small villages, and there are a large number of motor dispensaries which go to the various villages, on stated days, and administer treatment wherever needful. Sometimes it is necessary to bring a specially bad patient back to the hospital at Delhi, for more extensive treatment, and observation, and the patient is invariably accompanied by

his relations, as they are afraid to leave him to the tender mercies of the white doctors !

Then she continued, speaking now of teaching. There are, she said, four types of schools in India :—(1) Elementary training colleges, and primary schools, where the pupils are trained as local teachers for the native villages ; (2) High schools, where the students are trained to be doctors and teachers ; (3) Anglo-Indian schools, which are devoted entirely to children of mixed blood. These schools are mostly in the charge of the Roman Catholic Church, and in them pupils are taught English and English History ; and (4) Colleges, where students take their advanced training. For work in any of these types of schools the following are among the qualifications necessary. A University degree is invaluable, as trained graduates are urgently needed. However, there is also a limited need of trained certificated teachers for work in the elementary training colleges.

Government posts are available, but at uncertain periods. For these posts, grants are supplied by the government for training. Suitable applicants are accepted by any of the missionary societies, but it involves more personal sacrifice to go through a Mission Board, since they give only an allowance. The period of time abroad is four years, for the first time, and a year's furlough is given, but after that the interval is five years before the next furlough. Applications for service abroad may be addressed to the Colonial Office, the Institute of Christian Education, or any of the Mission Boards, but it is first advisable to have had two or three years' experience of teaching in England.

Miss Walford spoke for almost an hour. We came away from the lecture feeling that we had been enlightened upon a very interesting, but little-known subject ; and we wished that more of the School could have been there to have heard it also.

VALBRIE SUTTON.

MAGIC MILES IN IRELAND.

Last summer, owing to the kindness of Miss Thomas, I was able to take part in a trek called Donald Watts' Experiment in International Living. The party to which I belonged consisted of twenty-five American and English boys and girls from different parts of U.S.A. and England. We left Holyhead at 3.0 a.m. on July 31st with countless warnings about I.R.A. bombs, and after a somewhat hectic crossing on a rough sea, we arrived at Dunleary. We little realised what glorious times were ahead, especially as we began our first cycle ride of twenty-five miles to Wicklow decked out in

enormous yellow mackintosh capes and hoods. However, the myth that Ireland is an excessively rainy country was not destined to be proved to us, as the sky soon cleared.

Then we realized the great charm of Ireland, which lies in the ever changing variety and composition of the landscape—brown peat bogs, pleasant valleys, heather-clad mountains and rocky coasts. These, enhanced by an undefinable glamour springing from the presence everywhere of relics of the remote past—monuments of the pre-Christian age, historic sites, round towers, abbeys and Celtic crosses of medieval times, and combined with the Gaelic speech, the many quaint sights and customs of rural Irish life, the goats, the donkey carts, the gleaming white thatched cottages (always with a pot of geraniums in the window), the piles of earthy potatoes always served up for dinner, the kindness and hospitality of the people, and most of all our bicycles, gave us a picture of Ireland which we are not likely to forget. Before my holiday I had always associated pigs in the kitchen with Ireland, but search as I might, even in the most remote cottages, I could never find a pig which slept in the kitchen—chickens, yes, but never a pig.

We spent the first three days exploring the Wicklow Mountains, our head-quarters being the lighthouse perched on the top of Wicklow Head. After the first day, under-cooked or burned food (somehow we never could manage to cook it just right), weary bones, and hills which never seemed to end, were scarcely noticed.

On the third day we tackled the arduous ride to Glendaloch, right in the heart of the mountains. On our tour of exploration we were acquainted with the story of the hermit St. Kevin, the founder of Glendaloch, and then on the choppy upper lake ventured our all in a row-boat and launched forth into the unknown. Up a seemingly unscalable cliff we scrambled to the hermit's cave where we were each given a wish, bound to come true of course, and were also told that all who sat in St. Kevin's chair would be immune from toothache and backache. (Here let me say that very night some of us writhed with agony from pushing our cycles up thousands of Irish hills.)

The following three days were spent in Dublin, where we visited the National Museum, where there is a unique collection of relics of the Irish Bronze Age, and gorgets and collars of gold made when Ireland was the Klondyke of Europe and before Romulus had founded Rome; St. Mican's Church, where it is possible to shake hands with the corpses in the crypt; Trinity College, with its superbly beautiful Book of Kells; the two Art Galleries; Guinness', the largest

brewery in the world ; and St. Patrick's Cathedral. But the greatest joy and honour was to come. After riding up to Phoenix Park we visited the American Embassy and then the Vice-Regal Lodge. Dr. D. Hyde, the President of Eire, and his sister, had invited us to tea. Then we visited the Parliament buildings: contrary to the general rule, Mr. DeValera gave us an interview, shook hands with each of us, and even granted requests for photographs. Such an expedition in the cause of International friendship had never been to Ireland before, so perhaps that was why we were given such a welcome wherever we went.

The next item on our programme was the exploration of Boyne Valley. We pedalled to Monasterboice with its round tower and the most famous Celtic crosses in the world ; to Mellifont Abbey and to Brugh-na-Boinne, where we crept by candlelight into the centre of Newgrange tumulus, which is over 4,000 years old and one of the most important pre-historic monuments. Finally we had lunch on the site of the Battle of the Boyne, and then an American boy and I visited Drogheda cement works, and as it was Bank Holiday, were able actually to walk up the kilns which were being repaired.

After spending two days seeing the sights of Belfast, including the Northern Ireland Houses of Parliament, two English girls, Bill our American leader, and I, decided to attempt the heavy ride over the Mourne Mountains while the remainder of the party toured St. Patrick's country round Strangford Lough. Only one road threads the Mournes from Kilreel to Newcastle, "where the Mountains of Mourne come down to the sea," but I think it is the most satisfying road along which I have ever cycled—a mixture of purple heather, gurgling streams and dark hill tarns, grey granite, green ferns, and the smell of freshly cut turf and the sea.

The next day we were rudely awakened from heavenly slumbers by a loud call of the wild from Bill, tore madly down to Belfast railway station, and took the train to Larne. Onward (and mostly upward) we cycled along the Antrim coast between the mountains and the sea, spending four days exploring the coast and glens, and a night at Cranny Falls. Without doubt on the way to Fair Head, with its 360 feet drop to the sea overlooking Rathlin Island, where Robert the Bruce lay watching the spider, we climbed the steepest hills of the summer. Miles of pushing our cycles plus luggage up these hills made us so tired that we were content to lie on the beach of White Park Bay all the following day. This bay is one of the few unexplored spots on the Antrim coast which still holds treasures in bronze and stone implements

of other days, some of which one of our English boys was lucky enough, or energetic enough, to find.

Then August 13th dawned bright and sunny. What a riotous farewell to Ireland! We had so much fun in the evening that it is difficult to remember what happened in the morning, but apparently we must have gotten up and eaten breakfast; then it seems we hit the road (literally for Mona, who decided to run her bike into a stone wall). On we cycled to the Giant's Causeway, one of Ireland's grandest sights, which must be seen to be appreciated; and to Dunluce Castle, standing majestically on a headland a hundred feet above sea level, a gaunt and historic ruin. Then another two miles of glorious speeding along the racing sands of Portrush to the farewell party. And what a party that was! It is useless to say more.

Finally we took the train from Portrush to Belfast, and headed for the boat and a gala night en route to England.

M. A. HILL.

COMPETITION ENTRIES.

A number of very attractive stories have been entered for the competition on the subject of "A Race." The prize of a book to be chosen by the winner is awarded to Judith Sherratt (Lower V.a). Her story interests us and holds our attention every moment we are reading it, and we are still in suspense as to what will be the outcome of the race until the judge pronounces his decision at the very end of the story.

We are publishing, too, the story by Janet Mercer (Upper IV.). This is well told, and was inspired by her reading of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" in School!

Hilda Mugleston (Lower V.a) is to be congratulated on her story too. The tales sent in by Joyce Taylor and Cynthia Pearson were also very readable.

New Competition Subject :

"Memories of Early Days at School."

We shall expect some very entertaining reading on this subject, for there must have been great variety in all your experiences, ideas, and reactions to those dramatic days!

E. B.

A RACE.

About an hour after lunch the twins, Tony and Timothy, ran up to the library to see if they could find a certain book.

On opening the door, they found grandpa snoozing in the big armchair. When they noisily entered he awoke, and after grunting a bit, decided to smoke a cigarette. The twins, noticing this, went up to him in the hope of obtaining a new cigarette card. It was a new packet, and it was troublesome to open. At last it was undone.

"Do either of you boys want this?" he growled.

"What number is it, grandpa?"

"Er . . . Er . . . let me get my spectacles . . . ah! it's er . . . it's number thirty-seven!"

"Number thirty-seven!" both the boys cried out at once.

"Oh! grandpa, you will let *me* have it, won't you?" cried Tony. "It's the very one I want to complete my collection."

"But I want it, too," cried Timothy. "I want it to make up *my* collection."

"I asked first, grandpa," urged Tony. "You'll let me have it, won't you?"

"Now, look here, youngsters," said grandpa, keeping hold of the coveted card, "I'll just tell you something. In my young days I had to work very hard. When I was your age, I didn't go to a big public school. I went to work."

The boys wondered what he was getting at, and Timothy said:

"Look here, grandpa, I don't see what all this has got to do with the cigarette card."

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," said grandpa, "I'm coming to that; you boys are always so impatient. I will give this card to the one who manages to earn a shilling—and it's got to be earned, not just taken out of your money boxes, or asked for. The one of you two who brings me his shilling first, will have the card. Now go away."

The twins stared speechlessly at him. Then he added:

"Of course, you'll keep the shilling when you've got it—if you ever do!"

From that moment both boys were on the alert, looking for chances when they get a penny or so. Tony held skeins of wool for his aunt at the high wage of two skeins for a halfpenny; both boys weeded the garden (they got twopence each) much to the disgust of the gardener, who had been fond of his young plants; and Timothy fell to the foul means of purloining nine home-made cakes from the larder. His mother discovered the theft, and demanded twopence from

him. Tony tried to iron some handkerchiefs for a halfpenny, but unfortunately he left the iron on a handkerchief for five minutes—and—well, he did not obtain the promised halfpenny.

At last, after ten days, Tony had put a penny into the small box in which he kept the money, and, on counting it over, he discovered he had got a shilling. He could have shouted for joy; but scarcely thinking of that, he grasped the box and rushed out of the room, only to collide into Timothy, who was rattling something in his hand.

"I've got my shilling," he shouted exultantly,

Tony looked at him blankly, and then stammered: "I have, too!"

The boys stared at one another for a few seconds, and then, as one, started to rush up the stairs: they burst through the library door and cried together: "I've got my shilling, grandpa!"

Grandpa grumbled for a few seconds, for he had been having a nap, and then he said: "What did you say?"

The boys again spoke together: "I've got that shilling, grandpa," they shouted; and Tony said: "What about the cigarette card?"

"Oh! it's that, is it, that you're making such a row about," replied grandpa. "Well, as a matter of fact, I happened to get that card—what was it?—oh! yes!—number thirty-seven—again this morning, so there is one for each of you!"

JUDITH SHERRATT (Lower V.a).

A RACE WITH FEAR.

It was a cool, moonlight night, as the poacher walked through the wood on his way home from a raid at Farmer Jones's rabbit houses. Suddenly, he heard what he thought was a scream, but which was really only an owl screeching on being disturbed. The poacher believed in evil spirits, fairies and witches so much that even the slightest sound made him jump and look all round him furtively before going on. A partridge behind a furze bush clucked very slightly: the poacher, terrified by even such a slight sound as this started to run. Strange sights came before his eyes: goblins, evil elves, witches, wizards and wicked spirits all telling him of the raid he should not have rendered to the rabbit houses.

Then he heard a thump, thump, behind him, which made him run faster still. This sound was really only the live rabbits jumping about trying to get free: these were in a sack fastened round the poacher's back. The poacher did

not care where he was going, but ran on and on, still confronted with these tormentors.

Then he nearly tripped over a rabbit startled by his rushing by. If this had been at any other time the poacher would have stopped and tried to catch the rabbit, but he just ran wildly on, not even dreaming that what he thought was a goblin trying to trip him up was just a little rabbit.

After a little while he heard a noise of horses' hooves coming along behind him. On turning round in his frenzy, the poacher let out a scream and tore on into the wood. It was Farmer Jones himself on the horse, and he was returning from a party at The Grange. To go through the wood was really out of his way, but he was escorting a lady to her home on the other side of the wood. The poacher screamed when he turned round because, at that moment the moon shone through the trees on to Farmer Jones, making him and his companion look very ghostly and white. As they passed the poacher, the farmer noticed the sack and also heard the rabbits squealing.

He dismounted, and on being meekly shown the contents of the sack, caught the poacher by the collar. But, as it was so very late and the farmer was tired, he let him go. The poacher had to promise first that he would not take any more rabbits, and also that he would take the rabbits back in the morning. This was much to the delight of the poacher, who was very dishevelled and frightened by the spirits he believed in so much.

JANET MERCER (Upper IV.).

Ma chere amie française,

Je vous écris au sujet des effets de la guerre en Angleterre.

Au commencement de la guerre de nombreux enfants, évacués de Manchester ont été cantonnés chez nous. Chez-moi nous en avons eu trois, mais après deux mois ils sont retournés chez eux.

Nous avons des cahiers de rations, et quand nous voulons acheter nos rations de beurre, de sucre, de lard, et de viande, nous devons tendre ces cartes à l'épicier, et au boucher.

Nous devons masquer les lumières, et les phares d'automobiles. L'essence est aussi rationnée.

Dans nos jardins nous avons des abris où nous irons quand il y aura un raid. Heureusement nous n'avons pas encore eu le signal d'alerte. Nous devons porter nos masques à gaz partout.

Avez-vous de nombreux parents qui sont mobilisés ?
Pour moi j'en ai quelques uns.

Les soldats attendent avec impatience le jour où ils
seront en permission.

Cet hiver nous étions occupées à tricoter des écharpes,
des bonnets passe-montagne et des chaussettes pour les
soldats, les maletots, et les aviateurs.

Ecrivez-moi bientôt je vous en prie et donnez-moi de
vos nouvelles. Je voudrais savoir comment la guerre affecte
votre vie.

Je vous embrasse,
Votre amie anglaise,
ENID A. BENNETT.

With apologies to Walter de la Mare.

"THE LISTENERS."

"Is there anybody there?" said the junior,
Knocking on the Sixth Form door;
But only her heart thumped, scared and quick,
In the noise of the Sixth Form roar.
Once more she plucked up courage,
And shaking her tousled head,
She knocked upon the door a second time:
"Is there anybody there," she said.
But no one opened to the junior—
No prefect, nor Marjorie Hill,
Leaned over and looked into her grey eyes,
Where she stood perplexed and still.
But only a crowd of Lower Fourth Form-ites,
That dwelt in the old School, then,
Stood listening, in the noise of the Sixth Form,
To the voice of that child of ten:
Stood thronging the faint sunbeams, on the dark stair
That goes down to the dining hall;
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the noise of the Sixth Form's call.
And she felt, in her heart, the strangeness
Of the silence answering her cry;
While the Fourth Form moved, went down the stair,
And grinned, as they passed her by.
For suddenly, she knocked on the door even
Louder, and lifted her head.
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I did as I was told," she said.
Never the least stir made the Sixth Form,
Though every word she spake
Fell echoing through the empty Craft Room,
From the junior, there, at break.
They heard not her feet descending,
The sound of leather on wood,
Nor yet the bang of a slamming door,
As the junior went, for good.

V. SUTTON (VI.b).

THE HAVOC OF A WINDY NIGHT.

I.

It had rained for several days before, and the fields around the river were badly flooded. These were the worst floods I had known in my life, for I was then only seven years old.

The storm began with another heavy shower of rain. Then the wind arose and began to wail amidst the branches of the trees. I ran home as fast as my legs could possibly carry me.

All through the evening the wind grew more fierce and violent, and when I went to bed that night it was roaring and howling around the eaves. As I lay in the darkness it seemed to me that in that terrible gale there were a million voices screaming vengeance at me. I was too terrified to move.

At intervals I heard the crack of breaking branches and the dull thud when one fell to the ground. And still the wind was growing more and more terrible: it seemed to me like some horrible nightmare from which I could not awake. At last, after what seemed to me at least six hours, there was a lull, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning I could hardly believe my eyes. The plants in the garden were all in a state of utter ruination, and the fields, as far as I could see, were strewn with branches. Some of the branches were floating on the floods.

It must have been a terrible loss for the farmers. I heard about crops and animals being destroyed, but I am afraid that this did not worry me very much. What worried me was the fact that my new garden was ruined!

STELLA SPRUCE (Lower V.a).

* * *

THE HAVOC OF A WINDY NIGHT.

II.

When I awoke in the morning about 7 a.m., I got out of bed to look out of the window. My bedroom window faces the garden, and what a sight met my sleepy eyes! The stocks which had looked so lovely the night before now lay flat on the flower beds, their beautiful heads bedraggled and broken, while the lawn was covered with twigs and branches which had blown off the old apple tree.

This made me anxious to see what other destruction the wind had wrought, so I washed, dressed, and went downstairs to have my breakfast. I had my breakfast, and put on my outdoor clothes ready to come to school, wondering all the while whether I should be able to cycle or not, for the wind was still very strong. Anyway I was going to try, because as there had been a great deal of rain during the night, the River Dove might have swollen and filled the lane with water, and I didn't want to get my feet wet paddling through it when I could cycle and keep them dry.

So I got my bicycle and started on my way. The road was covered with sticks and branches off the ash trees which bordered it, and in an unguarded moment I ran over one of these and came off my bike. The wind was so strong that I could hardly get along at all, but as I turned right at the cross-roads the direction of the wind changed, and it was easier going. The rather nicely shaped hay rick that used to stand here, and which must have been the pride of its owner's heart, had had the top blown off, and didn't look like a hay rick at all. When I came to Mr. Allen's house I had the shock of my life. You see, Mr. Allen runs a bus which he calls the "Dove Valley" bus, and he puts it in a garage next to the house. Well, that wooden garage had been blown down in the night, and the bus, instead of standing in a garage, stood in the midst of lengths of boarding. The wind seemed to have left everyone something to remember it by, for everyone I met next day seemed to have something blown down or ruined.

MARY FEARN (Lower V.a).

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

England is fair, yet I must say
Good-bye to her;
Who knows, someday I may
Return to her.

Cruel pain it is to part
This way from her;
Yet here I leave my heart
Entombed in her.

England, if I should lose my life
It is for thee;
If I should die in earthly, man-made strife,
It is for thee.

My heart—although my bones in other soil rest—
Remains with thee:
Now as I go, it leaves my grieving breast
To stay with thee.

JEAN TWIGG (Upper V.)

**May we ask whether the Authors of the following
recognise their utterances?**

"And Remember—No Collusion!"

"Herry Ap In Here."

"There is one more thing I want to say, and that is this."

"Consequently and incidentally, you must use your ingenuity."

"Now my bairns . . ."

"I just went the length of . . ."

"When I was at Girton (pronounced 'Gurrt'n')."

"Now-er-erm, you-er-erm, will you run this one down?"

"Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut!"

"Yes, dear? Yes, of course, dear!"

"Which one are you?" (meaning "What is your name?")

By ?

REVIEW OF OUR CHANGED TIMES.

Wireless Programmes.

The programmes on the wireless have undergone a deep change. When war broke out the English stations were reduced to only two, transmitting the same programmes. During the first few days we listened to endless news bulletins, and announcements, with gramophone record interludes. Later we read in the newspapers that some of the B.B.C. artists, engineers, &c., had been evacuated to the small village of 'Hogsnorton.' We then had a little variety, a few plays, and talks by prominent members of the Cabinet. The B.B.C. orchestras were also kept very busy providing us with musical interludes. The Children's Hour and school broadcasts reappeared, although in slightly modified form. Some of our old favourites drifted back, and it seemed quite normal again.

Before war broke out we considered the announcers to be rather dignified, but now we know that most of them have a sense of humour: even the chief announcer has appeared as a "mystery voice" in a certain show.

We are now given recipes for economical dishes, and "Gert and Daisy" fight against wasting food. Every morning lots of physical training enthusiasts tune in at 7.40 a.m. for "Up in the Morning Early," but the not so enthusiastic listeners turn over in bed and do the exercises in dreams. Some new radio stars have been discovered: two of them, Jack Warner and Joan Winters, being now famous.

As a contrast to the B.B.C. programmes we may hear "Lord Haw-Haw" from Hamburg or Bremen.

Many more people listen to the wireless in the black-out, and I'm sure everyone can find a programme to suit his own taste.

E. BENNETT (LV.a).

* * *

Black-out Time.

Of course, the black-out time is a nuisance to those who insist on going to the pictures twice a week, and it is these people who are a great nuisance themselves to wardens and policemen. They *do* like to hold their torches up, and usually the light is undimmed. When accosted by a "Bobby" they protest loudly that they *were* keeping the torch down, wouldn't dream of holding the light up, and they *did* once put a piece of paper on it, but it must have come off. On being told that they could be fined, they assure the "Bobby" that he wouldn't do that at all, now would he, old chappy? No, they won't use the d—— torch again until it is dimmed, and of course he really won't shine it upwards. They pocket the torch until the "Bobby" has gone, and then they get it out again, and wave it about as cheerfully as ever.

JUDITH SHERRATT.

* * *

Women's Fashions.

Women's clothes are very gay this spring. Dresses are made of flowered material with either skirts that are gored and very short or the new swing skirt.

Hats are small, but very smart turbans are fashionable and very light in weight.

High-heeled court shoes are being worn as well as the low crêpe soled shoes.

Coats that are collarless and that have very shaped waistlines are being worn. The new swing skirt applies to the coats as well as the dresses.

Stockings are very fine and should be of a similar shade to the other clothes. Knitted string gloves are very popular,

and can be obtained in various shades. As most of the coats are without collars, gaily coloured cravats can be worn.

Handbags are large and envelope-shaped. Some have different compartments in which the gas-masks can be easily carried.

The chief spring colours are grey and red.

MARGARET BRADLEY.

MARY HARDY.

OLD GIRLS' SOCIETY.

Mrs. Drinkwater.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Drinkwater last December.

Some of us had known her for a short time only, and some of us for several years, but we all worked so happily with her and knew we could always count on her unfailing sympathy and help in any matter however small.

It is nice to know she is not far away, and we still have the pleasure of seeing her sometimes. We wish her much happiness in the future.

A. BECK.

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News of Old Girls.

DORREEN BAGNALL has been nursing in the Children's Hospital, Birmingham, but is now at home again.

KATHLEEN BAILEY is taking a course at the Commercial College, Newcastle.

NOLA BENTLEY is reading for a medical degree at Birmingham University.

WINIFRED BLORE is working in the Laboratory at Messrs. Elkes' Biscuit Factory.

CYNTHIA BRISBOURNE is a nurse at the Children's Hospital, Birmingham.

PBGY BRITTLEBANK is health visitor for the Prudential Assurance Company.

MARGARET COLLIS is in the office of Branston Factory, Burton-on-Trent.

JEANETTE CROSBY is taking a course of secretarial training at Burton.

NORAH CROSS is a clerk in Lloyds' Bank, Uttoxeter.

DOREEN EAST is a nurse in the Children's Hospital, Derby.

MARGARET FRYER is reading for the National Diploma of Dairying, at Studley Agricultural College.

CATHERINE HINE is a nurse in Standon Hall Orthopædic Hospital.

ALICE HUGHES is working in the office of Messrs. Vaughan & Bullock, Solicitors, Stoke-on-Trent,

PENELLA KELLY has joined the Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

MARY MASSEY is training to be a nurse in Leicester Royal Infirmary.

PATRICIA MILLS is a clerk in the District Bank, Cheadle.

VERA MOTTRAM is a nurse in the Royal Infirmary, Hartshill.

GERTRUDE MOUNTFORD is a nurse in Leeds General Infirmary.

CHRISTINE POYSER is a nurse in Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton.

MARY PRICE is a nurse in Longton Cottage Hospital.

MURIEL ROBERTS is studying in the Art School, Derby.

KATHLEEN ROBINSON is secretary in the Food Control Office, Cheadle.

BARBARA SALT is in the Railway Offices, Derby.

KATHLEEN SCOTT is a nurse in Standon Hall Orthopædic Hospital.

MURIEL SHENTON is secretary in the Food Control Office, Cheadle.

KATHLEEN SIMMS is at present a temporary clerk in the Ministry of Pensions at Rossall School. She has been appointed personal Clerk to the lay and medical heads of the Medical Services Division.

MONICA TEBBETT is in the office of Branston Factory, Burton-on-Trent.

PEGGY TIPPER is a nurse in the Children's Hospital, Birmingham.

AUDREY WALKER is training at Leicester to become a buyer of children's clothes.

CLARICE WHEELDON is secretary to a firm in Ashbourne.

MARGARET WILSON is helping at home.

JOAN WRIGHT is a nurse in the War Memorial Hospital, Congleton.

I am always pleased to have news of Old Girls, and shall be grateful for any information for inclusion in the Magazine. It is of great interest to the School to hear of the Old Girls' doings.

A. BECK, *Registrar.*